

The Daily Movie Magazine

CLOSE-UPS of the MOVIE GAME

By HENRY M. NEELY

The Fairbanks Twins Are Uncanny, They're So Much Alike

MARY PICKFORD had only been one of the Fairbanks Twins, all that elaborate and complicated double exposure would have been unnecessary in making "Little Lord Fauntleroy." One of the twins could have played Cedric and the other Dearest and straight shooting would have gotten the same effect.

I never saw anything like the resemblance between these two kids. It's positively uncanny. I ran into them in the Cosmopolitan Studios in New York last week while they were finishing their work in "The Beauty Shop" and I still shiver when I think of it, much as though I had come from a spiritualistic seance and had seen a girl and her ghost at the same time.

And I'm really up against a graver problem than that. I fell head over heels in love with one of them, and, if they were to walk into my office right now, I couldn't for the life of me tell which one of them it is I am in love with. Can you imagine anything more disconcerting than that?

We've all seen twins who bore remarkable resemblances to each other, of course. And the theme has been used in fiction and on the stage innumerable times. Madge Kennedy's show, which is here now, is built on it, and the author very cleverly gets around the problem of having both characters on the stage at the same time. But if he had had the Fairbanks twins in his cast he wouldn't have had that trouble. He could bring either one of 'em on the stage at any time and safely after the night's gross receipts to any one who could tell which one it was. But, of course, no one would be allowed two guesses.

THERE isn't any exaggeration in this statement of their weird resemblance. People who have been working with them day after day in the Cosmopolitan plant couldn't tell which was which up to the day they finished work. It was even rumored around there that the kids have to wear name-tags when they go to bed so that they themselves won't be mixed in their own identities when they get up in the morning.

I STOOD just off the big set for "The Beauty Shop," talking to a friend when I saw a very pretty little girl standing near us. "Who is the peach?" I asked. "That's Miss Fairbanks," he replied and he introduced me.

A little later another man took me up and introduced me to Miss Fairbanks. "Oh," I said, "I've met Miss Fairbanks." But she shook her head with a smile. "No," she said. "It must have been my sister."

But I'm one of those guys who thinks he knows it all as I proceeded to get very uppity because she had forgotten me so soon. And just then her sister came up to her and stood beside her.

"Now," said the one I had been talking to, "which one of us did you meet?" I looked 'em over for about five minutes with my mouth wide open like Boob McNutt. And then weakly I said, "Durned if I know."

For about ten minutes I stood talking to them and studied them most microscopically. And I thought I noticed that Marion's chin was just a trifle more pointed than Madeline's. "Aha!" I thought. "I can spot you now."

Then Marion was called to work on the set and Madeline remained with me for half an hour—that fatal half hour in which I completely lost my old heart to her. And having fallen in love with her I was sure that the mystery of their identities would no longer be a mystery to me.

Later on, as I was about to leave, I saw her off to one side and went up to say my good-bys. I noticed that Marion's chin was just a trifle more pointed than Madeline's. "Aha!" I thought. "I can spot you now."

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Now I ask you, could anything be more maddening? I think it must have been with the Fairbanks twins in mind that one of those writer chaps composed the piece entitled "How happy could I be with either were I other dear charmer away." Anyhow, he said something when he wrote it.

THE twins wouldn't tell me how old they were. But they did say that they had been on the stage when they were eight. And later they said they had been on the stage ten years. So you can get out your adding machine and your slide rules and juggle some numbers and arrive at a conclusion.

THEY have been with "Two Little Girls in Blue" in New York since last April. It closed a few weeks ago and they started rehearsal for the road show with two changes in the cast, but meanwhile, they had signed up with Cosmopolitan for this big picture with Raymond Hitchcock and Billy Van and Jim Corbett and Laurence Wheat and a host of other stage stars.

They've been working double ever since—pictures in the daytime and theatre at night—and they rather surprised me by saying that pictures aren't work; they're just play. But they don't like them as well as the stage. They want the footlights and the applause and the constant inspiration that comes from an audience.

But they did admit that there was one phase of picture-making that would soon get to be the hardest kind of work if they did it day after day. That is the wearying succession of waits between shots, without knowing when they will be called on the set, without knowing what it's all about, without being able to do anything definite meantime for fear of being needed in front of the camera any moment.

And while they're waiting they have to be introduced to old horses like me and be nice to 'em and pretend they like 'em and all that sort of thing.

Before I left the studios I went down to the offices to get photographs of the twins. The friend who took me there dug up a lot of pictures from the folders and handed them to me. "You've been talking to the girls a lot today," he said. "You can undoubtedly identify their pictures."

I threw out my chest and acted very much pompous. "Sure," I said. "Give 'em to me."

So he did and I looked them over. And, for the life of me, I couldn't tell which one was Madeline and which one was Marion.

BUT I'm rather glad of it. The photographs will have to be identified and that will give me an excuse to see them again when they come here next week. And maybe I'll find out that it's Marion that I am in love with and not Madeline, after all.

THOROUGHBREDS in Film. Jack Moore, the turfman, of Prescott, Ariz., last week placed his thoroughbred horses, Panther, Eagle Face and Little Abe at the disposition of Rex Ingram for the screening of the race track scenes in "Turn to the Right." The horses had recently returned from a successful invasion of the Canadian tracks. The race was screened at Exposition Park, Los Angeles, with John F. Seitz, the cameraman, in a trailer twenty-five feet in front of the racing horses.

GILBERT PARKER Takes Rest. Sir Gilbert Parker, who for the last year has been at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, engaged in the preparation of stories and scenarios, has left Hollywood for New York, where he will sail for London for a visit. Just before leaving California Sir Gilbert completed, in collaboration with Eugene Mullin, an adaptation of his novel, "The Lane That Has No Turning," which will be Agnes Ayres' first starring picture. Sir Gilbert will return to Hollywood late in the fall.

A CHIP OF THE ROGERS BLOCK. Will Rogers and his cowboy boy, Jimmie, who can ride a horse almost as well as his father, and looks a good bit like the famous comedian in the matter of facial expression.



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DON'T HAVE TO DOUBLE-EXPOSE WITH THESE GIRLS IN STUDIO

The Fairbanks Twins Are So Much Alike They Can't Even Be Certain Themselves, So They Ask Each Other Every Morning When They Get Up



THESE Fairbanks twins certainly got out "close-ups" man worried in New York last week. He talked to Madeline for half an hour and fell head over heels in love with her. Then, later, when he saw them together, he couldn't for the life of him tell which was Madeline.

Notice the double picture above? Well, both of them, when they're serious, look like the one on the left, and both of them, when they smile, look like the one on the right.

And the publicity man at Cosmopolitan Studios, where they were working in a picture, gave us the two portraits, but said we'd have to identify them ourselves. And we can't do it to save us. We think the one on the left—well, the fur cape and hat—is Marion and the other one Madeline. But we aren't sure. Both these portraits may be of the same one, for all we know.

The article to the left of these pictures tells you about them.

IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO HANDLE LIONS—IF YOU KNOW 'EM

HOW do they do it? You see Bill Stecker, champion lion tamer at Universal City menagerie, wrestling on the floor with Ethel the lioness, which is a husky two-year-old, you are naturally worried for his safety.

You wouldn't be. Ethel is a "good" lioness, and, what is more to the point, she knows Bill and likes him. When she was a little thing she and several other cubs used to run around the Stecker farmhouse, on the outskirts of Hollywood, like kittens, and on cold evenings the family would take the cubs to bed with them.

But good lions and bad lions have this point in common—they both get mad at the sight and taste of blood. The great thing is never to let them find out that human beings have blood, and that's why the study of their mental processes is the very cornerstone of success in handling them for pictures.

Until the time when it knows better your good lion stays a good lion, but a moment longer. After that it's all off.

"Feed the lions" is the safety-first slogan in motion pictures where these animals are employed, so when they go out on location you can be sure that they receive a corking good breakfast, for fear that there might be some thing void in their stomachs which would cause their mouths to water at the sight of some plump young person of the movie-star variety.

"Three Live Ghosts" Begun by Fitzmaurice in London. GEORGE FITZMAURICE has started work in London with a production of the successful Broadway comedy, "Three Live Ghosts," which will appear respectively in the roles of Billy Foster and Ivia, and Cyril Chadwick will portray the part of "Spooky," which he created in the stage production.

It is expected that Mr. Fitzmaurice will make, during his stay in Europe, three big pictures for which his wife, Guida Bergere, will write the continuity. Edmund Goulding has taken over the arduous dual duties of co-directing and enacting the part of Jimmy Gubbins, the Cockney "Ghost."

My, But He's Popular! BERT LYTELL, who has been proclaimed "Prince Charming" in a contest among women only, held in Los Angeles.



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CONFESSIONS OF A STAR

As Told to INEZ KLUMPH

THE STORY BEGINS

With the early days in the old Fine Arts studio in California when Colleen Moore, the Gish girls, Dottie Love and a host of others were not much more than extra girls, Diana Cheyne tells how she and her chum, Isabel Heath, sat lonesomely around the studio until Phil Croney, the famous director, chose Isabel to be the first of the screen's "baby vamps." They are seen together a great deal, and a scandal is created by the director's wife, Derry, Winchester, a friend of Diana's is called on to help, and Isabel tries to "camp" him. Then Isabel announces she is to be starred in the East by a Paul Markham. Derry goes to France with the aviation corps and Diana meets Keith Gorman, who strangely attracts her. On the eve of a romantic marriage, Keith is killed in an automobile accident.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CHAPTER XXV

TWO days later I went to work on my first picture under the new starring contract that I had signed with Malcolm Sandy. And before I'd been working an hour I knew that there was going to be a drawn battle between my director and me before that production was finished.

He was the most disagreeable man I had ever known. He still is. But as it happens, that very disagreeableness has made him one of the biggest directors in the business, so far as salary and position and all that sort of thing are concerned. Judged by the standard of artistic productions, he wouldn't rank so high. His story is such an amusing one, and so characteristic of the way things happen in the motion-picture world, that I am going to tell it to you.

He had been a window trimmer for one of the New York department stores—that is, he had assisted the head window trimmer. I believe that his salary was \$35 a week. He hadn't any artistic ability in particular, so far as any one knew, but he got along very nicely.

Then a friend of his suggested that he see if he couldn't get something to do in the movies, making sets something like that. The friend knew someone in one of the studios and got him an introduction to a studio manager. And the window trimmer did get some sort of job, working on sets for pictures.

He stuck to that for a while, and then gradually worked into being an assistant to one of the directors. The assistant director's job is no joke at all, and it must have been awfully regular for this man, with his hair-trigger temper, to take all the blame for things that went wrong and see the credit go to somebody else. He did, though; he was learning, you see, and that was worth a good deal.

Finally he was made a director, and tried his hand at this new job with two or three stars who were doing regular program pictures, and who were such old hands at the game that they could almost direct themselves.

George was awfully hard to work with that every one realized. Things just couldn't go on as they were. Yet his contract had several years to run, and the company couldn't afford to have him stop working any regular program pictures, and who were such old hands at the game that they could almost direct themselves.

They tried to get some other company to take him off their hands, but his reputation had gone before him, and nobody would have him.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," Mr. Sandy said at last. "We'll make him tell, as he is every Sunday. He's as brown as a berry. His athletic frame and energy belie his rather theatrical voice and manner."

Rosemary Theby, in a one-piece bathing suit and heavy coat of tan, and her black hair swirling about her face, was crouched along by an Eskimo husky, straining at his leash. Their destination was a ring formed around some stunts, who were performing south-taking feats of strength.

George was looking worried in a stunning red and white checked gingham dress with lots of fillet, pretty soon downed her one-piece suit.

Lionel Belmore as usual was the center of a chortling group. He's the sort of man people pound on the back and about at. "Well, there's old Lionel! Dear old Lionel!"

George wandered around in his usual casual way, stopping now and then to talk to his friends, but eventually starting out on another wandering tour.

Another conversation on the set of "The Rubidant": "Extra—'What's the name of this picture we're in?'" "Another extra—" "Something about a cigarette."

First extra, somewhat enlightened—"Oh, yes—Omar—"

Second extra, thoroughly illuminated—"That's it—Omar, the Ruby Cut!" Here's an ancient history fact: Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin once appeared in a one-reel picture produced by William D. Taylor, for release in Australasia. I'd like to see it, wouldn't you?

It is rumored that Rupert Hughes may be an independent producer himself before so very long.

It's getting to be a regular game for me to find out Reelart titles now that they have introduced the new policy of keeping 'em from the public. The name of Wanda Hawley's picture is "Fool Much Wife." I think. Anyway it was written by Lorna Moon, who also wrote "Don't Tell Everything," in which Gloria Swanson, Wallace Reid and Elliott Dexter played two or three weeks ago.

Roy Barnes is Miss Hawley's leading man. He's a natural comedian, making the people about him laugh just as much as they did when he was an Orpheum headliner. I can't help wondering as I watch him, how his wife, if he has one, must feel about it.

Mary Alden's Make-Up Fooled Her Screen "Son" WHAT greater proof of screen acting than this: Mary Alden, who plays four different ages—the young woman, the middle-aged mother, the aging mother and the tottering old woman, in "The Old Nest," at Goldwyn's, was riding home in her machine one night when she saw her screen son, J. Park Jones, walking along with a suitcase.

She asked him to ride. They chatted for a mile or two, when Miss Alden said: "I see you have your suitcase." "Did you finish the picture tonight?" "Yes," replied Jones, "but how did you know?"

"A mother should know a few things about her boy, shouldn't she?" replied Miss Alden mischievously. "Good heavens! Are you Mary Alden—the woman I've been working with this week? Why I thought you were an old woman!" Miss Alden smiled. It was an old story to her.

REX INGRAM AND ALICE TERRY TO GO TO IRELAND FOR WEDDING



They will be married by Mr. Ingram's father, who is an Episcopal clergyman and professor of Greek and Latin at Trinity College, Dublin. After the conclusion of the filming of "Tara to the Right" they will bid an adieu to Hollywood for a while and start for Europe.

But even while on their honeymoon abroad the youthful couple will not be forgetting the megaphone and the make-up, for Director Ingram is contemplating the making of at least one picture with Miss Terry again in the stellar role. "Ivanhoe" has been mentioned.

in absolute control of his own pictures. Casting, the designing of sets, the selecting of everything, with a liberal expense account to back him up.

But it was a young chap in the publicity department who put the finishing touch on the whole affair. He was told to send out some stories on this director and see if he couldn't get some of the magazine people to interview him. He came down to my dressing room with a bunch of clippings about me that day. I remember, and sat there cross-legged on the day bed, smoking a cigarette and bewailing his fate to Derry and me.

"Nobody wants to interview a director," he lamented. "All they want in the magazines is pretty girls. What'll they do?"

"Make him compete with the pretty girls," Derry suggested. "Make up things about him that will sound romantic and exciting and all that. Harp on—Constantinople—studying art abroad—all that sort of thing."

Which is exactly what that red-headed young pup did, because he wanted to get his work done and hang around the set where some one

was staging a scene with a band and a lot of Folies chorus girls. He took that ex-window trimmer, and had him boom and brought up in a harem in Constantinople, and studying art in Italy, and so on to a sort of the making of at least one picture with Miss Terry again in the stellar role. "Ivanhoe" has been mentioned.

But they didn't. Two of them printed it. Another one ran his picture, with several references to his remarkable past and artistic training. And, funniest of all, the director himself took it to his bosom! He began to live up to it, to speak with an accent, to sigh for the beauties of Constantinople.

And funnier still was the moment when the very same red-headed youth who made up that story in the beginning, interviewed him, and was told the wild yarn he himself had made up and brooded with incidents even more romantic than those he'd invented.

CONTINUED TOMORROW

PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS

The following theatres obtain their pictures through the STANLEY Company of America, which is a guarantee of early showing of the finest productions. Ask for the theatre in your locality obtaining pictures through the Stanley Company of America.

ALHAMBRA 12th, Morris & Passaic Ave. Mat. Daily at 2; Eve. 6:15 & 9
WILLIAM S. HART
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PAULINE FREDERICK
"ROADS OF DESTINY"

BALTIMORE 51ST & BALTIMORE
"THE OUTSIDE WOMAN"

BENN 6TH and WOODLAND AVE. MATINEE DAILY
THOMAS MEIGHAN
"WHITE and UNMARRIED"

BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave. 7, 8 & 9 P. M.
WESLEY BARNUM and Hall Nelson in
"DINTY"

CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. MATINEE DAILY
RICHARD BARTHELMUS in
"EXPERIENCE"

COLONIAL 30th and Locust Ave. MATINEE DAILY
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DARBY THEATRE HARLEY KNOLLEN PRODUCTION
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BERT LYTELL
"MELANCHOLY MARKS"

FAMILY THEATRE—111 MARKET & A. M. TO MIDDLETOWN
CORLENE PALMER and Suedel Cast in
"THE ETHERAL TWO"

56TH ST. THEATRE—Below Spruce
Jack Holt in "The Mask"
LARRY SEMON in "THE FALL GUY"

FRANKFORD 4715 FRANKFORD
"THE OLD NEST"
ADDED—SURPRISE VAUDEVILLE

GLOBE 8901 MARKET ST. 2:30 and 8:30 to 11
"THE CUP OF LIFE"

GRANT 4922 GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY
SEENA OWEN and E. K. LINCOLN in
"The Woman God Changed"

GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. & Erie
MAY ALLISON
"THE LAST CARD"

IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. MATINEE DAILY
CONSTANCE TALMADGE
"DANGEROUS BUSINESS"

Lehigh Palace GERMANTOWN AVE. and Lehigh Avenue
GLORIA SWANSON
"THE GREAT MOMENT"

LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AVE. MATINEE DAILY
JUNE WALKER and REGINALD BARKER in
"COINCIDENCE"

OVERBROOK 55th & Haverford Avenues
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PRINCESS 1018 MARKET STREET MATINEE DAILY
ANNA Q. NILSON
"WOMEN WHO WAIT"

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MARY MILES MINTER
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RUBY MARKET ST. Below 15TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
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"THE GREAT MOMENT"

LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AVE. MATINEE DAILY
JUNE WALKER and REGINALD BARKER in
"COINCIDENCE"

OVERBROOK 55th & Haverford Avenues
NORMA TALMADGE
"THE PASHION FLOWER"

ORIENT WOODLAND AVE. & 42D ST. HARLEY KNOLLEN PRODUCTION
"CARNIVAL"

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET MATINEE DAILY
REGINALD BARKER'S PRODUCTION
"THE OLD NEST"

PRINCESS 1018 MARKET STREET MATINEE DAILY
ANNA Q. NILSON
"WOMEN WHO WAIT"

REGENT MARKET ST. Below 15TH MATINEE DAILY
MARY MILES MINTER
"DON'T CALL ME LITTLE GIRL"

RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT TULPHOCKEN ST.
CONSTANCE TALMADGE
"DANGEROUS BUSINESS"

RUBY MARKET ST. Below 15TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
LIONEL BARRYMORE
"THE DEVIL'S GARDEN"

SAVOY 1311 MARKET STREET MATINEE DAILY
HOPE HAMPTON
"LOVES PENALTY"

SHERWOOD 5th & Baltimore Ave. MATINEE DAILY
SEENA OWEN and E. K. LINCOLN in
"The Woman God Changed"

STANLEY MARKET AT 15TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M.
CECIL B. DE MILLES
"The Affairs of Anatol"

333 MARKET STREET THEATRE MATINEE DAILY
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG
"IN CHARGE IT"

VICTORIA MARKET ST. at 6TH MATINEE DAILY
CHARLES RAY
"SCRAP IRON"

AT WEST CHESTER THOMAS MEIGHAN in
"CONQUEST OF CANAAN"
IDLE HOUR DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in
"ONE A MINUTE"

ALHAMBRA 12th, Morris & Passaic Ave. Mat. Daily at 2; Eve. 6:15 & 9
WILLIAM S. HART
"THE WHISTLE"

ALLEGHENY Frankford & Allegheny
REGINALD BARKER'S PRODUCTION
"THE OLD NEST"

APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY
CONRAD NADEL and JOHN WILSON in
"What Every Woman Knows"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT BEL. 10TH
MAY ALLISON
"THE LAST CARD"

ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY
PAULINE FREDERICK
"ROADS OF DESTINY"

BALTIMORE 51ST & BALTIMORE
"THE OUTSIDE WOMAN"

BENN 6TH and WOODLAND AVE. MATINEE DAILY